## SURE WAY TO BEAT THE RACES

## It Won the Wild Eyed Man a Quarter, and the Diamond Bearer Was Satisfied.

stud had given them half a chance stepped up to the ticker in a Third avenue saloon the other afternoon.

"Anything from the last race vet?" he

The shabby, wild eyed little man who had

the tape passed it over to him.

After a hurried glance the man behind the shirt stud threw down the tape with a growl of disgust.

"It's a hard game to beat unless you know how," sympathized the wild eyed man. "There's only one really sure way to get the bulge on the ponies, and there's only one man who knows that one way. Now if I had the backing——"
"Wire tapper, eh?" ventured the red

"Sorry, but I've got an important date to meet a sick engineer over in Jersey City."

The man with the untamed optics looked

"Come, come. I was only fooling," said the red faced man with a wink at the bartender. "Come over to the table here and tell me all about it. What'll you have?" "You seem like a man of education and understanding," said the shabby one,

since the fickleness of fortune renders it | waited for her in the cold and the bitter imperative that I should share my great wind from 6 o'clock until half past 8. secret with some one, I don't know that I could do better than confide it to you. I difference.

when they had filled their glasses, "there is | but to-night I determined to make an exa difference in time between New York and ception to my rule. Chicago of about one hour. That is to say. when it is 6 o'clock here it is only 5 o'clock in Chicago.

"In the same way in San Francisco, which is three times as far west of us as is Chicago, so that there is three hours | bright with anticipated pleasure. difference in time. That is, when it is 6 o'clock here it is only 3 o'clock in San Fran-Do you follow me?

"The further west we go the greater the difference in time. If we go eight times as far west as San Francisco we naturally

yesterday."

"Precisely. But to put it in a more practical way," continued the shabby man in an impressive whisper, "if you send yourself a telegram around the world, westward, you'll get it the day before you world it." But what has all this to do with beating

"But what has all this to do with beating the races?" asked the man with the white light district on his shirt front.

"Why, don't you see? Take to-day's list of winners, for example. If I had the money I'd immediately telegraph it to a friend of mine in Chicago. "Twould reach him an hour ago by Chicago time.

"He'd wire it on to a friend in San Francisco. "Twould reach there three hours ago by 'Frisco time. The 'Frisco man would cable it on to a friend in Honolulu and so on all the way 'round the globe until it had reached me again just twenty-four hours before I'd sent it in the first place.

"The minute I received the telegram I'd start out to make the rounds of all the poolrooms and back each winner for all they'd take on him. After that 'twould only be a matter of sitting down and waiting until it was time to cash in.

"You look incredulous. It seems to easy to be true you think. Why dent I leave

"You look incredulous. It seems too easy to be true, you think. Why don't I keep such a good thing to myself, you ask? Sir, it is with pain that I confess that I haven't even

"I had hoped that you might take sufficient interest in the scheme to furnish the backin, but since you still seem to entertain some doubts. I'll tell you what we'll do. If you'll advance merely enough to make up the costs of the telegraphing—" the shabby man glanced at the 25 cents change lying or the table." lying on the table—"about 2) cents, say.
I'll immediately wire the results of to-day's
races around the world. Then, if we get them in time to play them it is agreed that you will furnish the backing for to-morrow's races, all profits to be equally divided.

Does that seem fair?"

"Perfectly," said the red faced man, being over a quarter.

er, pocketed the money and started for rushed the manager of a travelling com

"Hold on there!" his patron called after him. "When will I meet you here? To-morrow afternoon?" "Bless me, no!" answered the shabby man from the door. "Why, to-day's races would be over by to-morrow. Make it smile and invited me to take another. I

yesterday morning. I'll see you then. promptly did so, and then he poured forth Well," murmured the red faced man when he had assured himself that his diamond stud still shone for all from its accustomed place, "it was worth a quarter, role of the Ghost had suddenly been taken

"We are called a commercial nation," said Stephen F. Weston, the president of Antioch College, Ohio, "and there is nothing opprobrious in such an appellation, for it is good to be commercial, to be industrious. At the same time, though, this spirit should not be carried too far.

"There was an American who carried it too far in Scotland. He went with a party boards."

Indicate the was at a loss to know what to do. The house had been sold out twice over, and he was afraid that were there are the was at a loss to know what to do. The house had been sold out twice over, and he was afraid that were there are the was at a loss to know what to do. The house had been sold out twice over, and he was afraid that were there are was getting recides. Then I opened up.

"I smiled—again at his expense, for he was getting recides. Then I opened up.

"We are called a commercial nation," said to do. The house had been sold out twice over, and he was afraid that were there are was certain a second to the course of the continue of the was at a loss to know what to do. The house had been sold out twice over, and he was afraid that were there are was certain at the was afraid that were there are was certain at the was afraid that were there are was certain at the was afraid that were there are was getting recides. Then I opened up.

"I smiled—again at his expense, for he was getting recides. Then I opened up.

"I continued a specific was a second to the was afraid that were there are was perfectly and the was afraid that were there are was perfectly and the was afraid that were there are was a second to the was afraid that were there are was perfectly and the was afraid that were there are was a second to the was afraid that were there are was a second to the was afraid that were there are was a second to the was afraid that were there are was a second to the was afraid that were there are was a second to the was afraid that were there are was a second to the was afraid that were there are was a second to the was afraid that were t

There was an American who carried it too far in Scotland. He went with a party of tourists to see one of the grandest Scotlish ruins - a gray castle, centuries old, that crowned a beetling crag.

"The guide pointed out the wonders of the castle, and the wild, romantic view from the cliff on which it stood.

"The estate, he said in conclusion, has been in the family of the Earl of Mar for four centuries."

Then it was that the American's too company with the presence of the company, said:

"There was an American who carried it too far in Scotland. He went with a party boards."

"This was true enough, as I was drumming about the country at the time.

"For goodness' sake,' he exclaimed, the presence of the insisted, and then and there dragged me off to rehearsal, with my little bit the stage manager, in the presence of the company, said:

"The suite and the family of the Earl of Mar for four with my little bit the stage manager, in the presence of the company, said:

"The suite and the wind."

"I hesitated, but he insisted, and then and there dragged me off to rehearsal. Well, gentlemen, when I had got through with my little bit the stage manager, in the presence of the company, said:

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"The suite and the wind."

"I hesitated, but he insisted, and then and there dragged me off to rehearsal. Well, gentlemen, when I had got through with my little bit. The stage manager is the presence of the company.

centuries.

"Then it was that the American's too commercial spirit cropped out. Embracing with a gesture the bleak scene, he said:

"Four centuries, eh? Well. I don't wonder. The only way to get rid of a property like this would be to cut it up into building lots and sell it at auction, with a free excursion, a brass band and a hot lunch thrown in."



Customer-Well, I think I feel like a bottle of that Scotch ale Mixelegist-I don't doubt it; you look like

# The Mandarin's Courtship:

# A Story of a Masquerade Ball

Agreed! Agreed

all in their proper places, were like nothing

human.

The mask expressed neither sorrow.
merriment nor surprise. It gazed forth
with a placid calm which instantly provoked a burst of wild laughter. My comrades leaned weakly against the wall, holding their sides.

And when I looked in the glass I, while

he watched the dancers whirling by.
"Ah, but you are cruel to laugh in this

way. Can you not guess, can you not see beneath this horrible mask the sorrow that fills my heart? Why did you lead me on to hope only to awaken me so cruelly?"

She turned toward me, a protest on her is. But us she lifted her eyes to mine, cruel laugh shook her body. Breathless, it eyes wet with tears, her face buried in e lace of her handkerchief, she said weak-

life a hell. She blushed. Then, with utter abandon,

A smile crept about the corners of her ed lips; slowly, with infinite confidence, at turned her head toward me, and—No! Never have I heard such laughter!
"Oh, I cannot—I cannot!"
Her head thrown back, she trembled ith merriment.

What would I not have given then, if only for an instant, for a human face! The blood trickled from my bitten lips, tears sathed my fevered cheeks. And the mask! The that idloite physiognomy, where all was regular and lifeless; that face looked the mask is the property of the property

back at me with its changeless air of in-difference, frightful, horrible, in its im-

ecile fixity. As I fled madly from the room, still her

From the Russian,

Half past 6. It was the hour she had appointed. My overcoat flapped wildly about my

legs, the plaything of an icy wind whose A red faced man whose clothes might keen breath I did not feel. I held my head proudly erect and looked at the men who they cried. passed by with the protecting glance of a conqueror, while for each woman who conqueror, while for each woman who crossed my path I felt a sudden thrill of tenderness, a reflection of the wild love that had absorbed me, body and soul, for four days off our masks under any circumstances!" four days

At a quarter to 71 ceased to look at the men about me. I watched only the women, and them with anger. There was only one who could interest me. What did the others a top from one side to another. And when and them with anger. There was only one matter, save to render the moments of waiting still more unendurable?

would not come. My overcoat was tightly buttoned then, the collar was turned up and I felt that my nose was blue. I shivered painfully and not took to that I could not move and at last the contagion of their folly caught me and I laughed and screamed and sang. painfully and my teeth chattered. At the sight of my dragging step and

bowed shoulders the police must have taken me for an old man seeking a night's shelter beneath the doorway. It was for her sake that I was so cold. Oh, the heartless \* \* \* But then, per-

come?"
She only laughed, laughed always.
"What is the matter?" I cried pleadingly.
"Is it really you?" she replied, between
two peals of merriment. "Oh, how funny
you are, and how grotesque!"
My head fell heavily upon my breast,
my whole attitude betrayed real suffering. who wished all the evils of wrath to fall upon her head! "Eugenie Nicolaiyna will be there!" said doubtfully taking a seat at the table. "And my comrade, never dreaming that I had

haps she was ill! Who could tell? And I

"Ah," I replied, with a look of utter inbeg pardon? Oh, whiskey, please. There was to be a bal masque at the Folozoffs. Usually 1 hated such things,

"Come on, it's Christmas Eve, and all the world is gay," cried my friend persuasively.

"Let us be gay, too. Let's disguise ourselves and go to every ball in the city!" The faces of my fellow students grew "Good." they all exclaimed.

Our company was presently made larger by the addition of twelve other students, reckless as ourselves, and together we swept like a whirlwind into the shop of a

as far west as San Francisco we naturally gain eight times three hours, or, roughly speaking, a whole day.

"But where is eight times as far west as San Francisco? Why, sir, it's all the way 'round the world to New York again."

The shabby man paused and drew back to watch the effect.

"In other words," suggested the red faced man, "if you've been 'round the world in the meantime to-day is really yesterday."

San Francisco we naturally such as a wind with the shop of a cheap costumer.

I wanted something at once sad and beautiful, a costume that would reflect and portray the sorrow in my heart.

"Give me the dress of a Spanish nobleman of olden times," I said to the man.

But the old hidalgo for whom my costume was made must have been a veritable Goliath. I was lost in his garments and as her slender body swayed toward me. Dressed as goddess of the night, the folds of black lace sown with stars, she was beautiful and mysterious as a dream of far away Goliath. I was lost in his garments and as lonely as if I had been in an immense

deserted hall.
"Will your Excellency try a bandit's dress?" suggested the owner of the shop.
"See what a fine hat, and the dagger, too.

Look!"
A dagger! Not such a bad idea! It suited my mood. But, unfortunately, I had my doubts as to the famous bandit.
His dress betrayed the fact that he could not have been more than 12 years old. His hat scarcely covered the back of my head, and I had to be forcibly extracted from his

Nor did the page's costume tempt me. It was as striped as a tiger's skin, and the monk's robe was eaten with holes.

"Hurry up, there, it is late!" cried my companions, as I stood undecided.

A!! that remained for me then was the quilted dress of a Chinaman of rank.

"Give me the Chinese," I exclaimed in discust. silvery laughter followed me, like a mountain stream running merrily downward and dashing with joyous music, against a sorrowful stone!

It was worse than I could have imagined. It was worse than I could have imagined.

I will pass in silence over the ridiculous slippers into which I could pass only one-half of mr foot. Nor will I describe the pink skull cap attached by threads to my ears, which, thus distended, resembled those of a bat.

"But the mask! It was, if I may express it so, an abstract physicogramy. The nose

pany which was to play at the theatre

that night, and said, though perhaps in

ill. There wasn't any one in the company

who could take the part at such a short notice. He was at a loss to know what

Smithers, you're no amateur.

more emphatic language than I quote;

his tale of woe.

You're a born professional."
I was pleased, I confess, though I expostulated at his flattery.
"That night the house was packed. Peo-TOO REALISTIC. Yet a Thespian, Not a Fisherman, Told This Tale of the Ghost in "Hamlet." He was a thespian, not a fisherman

but his powers of imagination were boundless. One day he was in especially fine lounging at the bar of the botel, when in

nteresting verdict which was rendered in he District Court of Travis county, Tex., the District Court of Travis county, Tex., in 1857. The defendant, Frank B. Rafer, at that time a well known citizen of Austin, was accused of gambling, which was not regarded as a very serious offence in Texas in those early days, especially if the offender chanced to be a prominent citizen. The prosecution was generally treated as a pleasant test, but was nevertheless carried through in earnest, and a jury composed of lawyers brought in the following verdict:

We, the jury, lawful men.
Fine the defendant dollars ten:
A guilty man beyond all doubt,
Let the defendant pay himself out.
Thus we've said this freezing morn.
Your obedient servant, A. O. Horne.
Foreman.

The composition of this verdict is attributed to A. W. Terrell, who at the time of his service on the jury was a young lawyer. Afterward he attained creat distinction in practice, served as a District Court Judge, and was I nited States Minister to Turkey under President Cleveland. Other members of the same jury who afterward achieved renown were Charles S. West, who rose to be a Justice of the Texas Supreme Court, and F. W. Chandler, who became one of the leaders of the Texas bar.

NOTCHES THAT DON'T COUNT.



Westerner-Out our way the chap who has killed his man is a hero. New Yorker-But that fellow is only a chauffeur.

# THE CHAMPION OF THE BOOMERANG CLUB.

## Peace Reigning There Now Again After a Somewhat Agitating Episode, Caused by Envy.

The Boomerang Club, as you might infer from its title, is devoted primarily to the fascinating diversion of casting the boomerang. Twice a week its members meet on a large tract of land which the club owns, at a little distance from the city, there to throw boomerangs.

But, while they get from this sport a whole lot of exercise, it cannot be said that the members have acquired much skill at it. My mask was, indeed, the most original They have sowed boomerangs in large numbers all over the adjacent and surrounding territory, but rarely has one with threatening gestures, I turned sharply about to escape my tormentors there was a general shout of wild laughter. come back to a point anywhere near the

And so the members of the club, naturally, were all the more deeply interested-they became, in fact, actually excited-when How far away that gay world seemed ind how lonely I was under my mask! At last I saw her.

"It is I," I whispered eagerly.
She raised her white eyelids slowly. A livery laugh answered me.

"Yes, it is I! Why, why did you not one?" at last one of their number, who for a long time had been throwing neither better nor worse than the rest, suddenly developed a skill that was nothing less than phenomenal. This was the engaging Herbert von Sloppington, a young man of considerable means and of agreeable manners, whom everybody liked, and whose success gave, therefore, to everybody doubly great satisfaction.

Everybody was pleased that any member should finally have achieved success in the difficult sport which the club had chosen, and all were glad that this somebody should be the popular young Herbert von Slopping-But pretty soon a feeling arose that Von Sloppington was having too much success; his boomerangs came back every time he threw; and this they couldn't under-

If he had made a wild throw once in a while they wouldn't have thought so much about

the lace of her handkerchief, she said weakly:

"Oh, in pity—look at yourself in the mirror there—Heavens, but you are—"
Grinding my teeth in agony. I looked
over into the mirror. A face, placid and indifferent, met my gaze, a physiognomy
unnaturally immovable. I, too, God help
me, I too laughed loudly!

But before her laughter died away upon
her lips, I cried in a voice that trembled
with despair and anger:

"No! no! you have no right to laugh so!"
She was quiet from utter weariness.
Then, softly, I told her of my love. Never
had I been so elequent, for never had I
loved so deeply as that hour. I related all
my tortures during the long ages of waiting.
I told her of the wild jealousy that made
my life a hell.

Then with utter abandon. called upon to explain, and then the whole story came out. It seems that the young man was en-

gaged in literary pursuits, a fact not generally known in the club, for the simple reason that he had never had anything

He had been devoting himself to authorship for some years, but no matter what he wrote or where he sent it his offerings had always come back to him. And at last, in this state of affairs, young Von Sloppington had bethought him of tying one of his manuscripts around a boomerang and sending it out in that way. And this without any idea of taking advantage of the club-far from it.

What he had thought was that, as he had never yet succeeded in getting a boomerang back, perhaps he might in this way get rid of one of his manuscripts. When his turn came in the casting on the day on which he made that first phenomenal throw, and Scattered in the sleepy and deserted he stood up and launched that boomerang scattered in the sleepy and deserted street, inv commades started to regain the costumer's shop, filling the quiet night air with their cries and excited voices.

"Do you know that you were the success of the evening? I never dreamed that people could laugh so! But what are you doing? Are you taking off your costume? Commades he is crayed look at him by the crows in some distant cornfield.

so, an abstract physiognomy. The nose, is tearing his mask to pieces! What!—yes, e ears, the mouth and the eyes, though he is sobbing."

by the crows in some distant cornfield.

But then, a little later, came that aston ing surprise, when to the amazement of But then, a little later, came that astonish at the easting plate, and no less to that of young Von Sloppington himself, there was observed coming straight toward them.

The first two letters, begging for autoobserved coming straight toward them out of space what was unmistakably a that night the house was packed. Paople hung on almost by their eyelids. Hamblet and the rest of the company were received with vociferous applause, but hen I came on and said a few words, some one shrieked, and then another, and then another, until the commotion in the front of the house grew so great the curtain had to be lowered.

What was then that young Von Sloppington had his fall.

He had never dreamed that that first

of the house grew so great the current to be lowered.

"What was the matter? Well, the manager went forward and quieted the house, saying that they need not be afraid. It was not really a ghost they were looking at, but merely a man, who was playing the part, and who—

But the assembled company went straightway into session, and dubbed the narrator "G. L.," which, being interpreted, meant nothing less than "Genial Liar."

Verdict in Rhyme.

From Law Notes.

He had never dreamed that as it did, but from that on until the grand denouement every boomerang that young Herbert von Sloppington launched at the semily weekly meetings of the Boomerang Club had tied around it one of his manuscripts. And every one came back!

Now you understand that, technically. Von Sloppington had done nothing wrong. For it was set forth clearly and explicitly in the brief rules of the club governing its contests that there should be no restrictions whatever as to the boomerang sthrown, excepting only as to their length—there excepting only as to their length—there should be used no boomerang exceeding six feet in length, measuring along the curve. But that was the only restriction, and Von Sloppington's boomerangs were all well within the prescribed measurement.

were all well within the prescribed measurement.

So that technically he was all right; and this was freely conceded. But there was a strong undercurrent of feeling against him in the club, nevertheless; for it was felt that Von Sloppington knew, after that first trial, that he was playing a sure thing on them; that he knew that as long as he tied the manuscript on securely, so that it and the boomerang couldn't get separated, the boomerang must come back, and so he had the whole club at his mercy.

Von Sloppington offered to resign at once, and for a time there was commotion in the club; some of the vounger members were in favor of expelling him. But after a while things calmed down, and finally the whole matter was just simply dropped; whole matter was just simply dropped; with the understanding, though, of course, that young Von Sloppington should not wrap any more of his manuscripts around his boomerangs. And from that on his throwing was as bad as the worst, and now

### EGG LAYING FOR PRIZES. Novel Contest of Sixteen Weeks in London -Leghorns Win.

An egg laying contest has just been concluded in London, England, under the auspices of the Utility Poultry Club. The

cluded in London, England, under the auspices of the Utility Poultry Club. The contest covered a period of sixteen weeks. Thirty-six pens were entered, and each of these contained four pullets hatched in 1904. The total number of eggs laid was 5,086, or an average of over 140 eggs to each pen. A remarkable feature of the contest was the inferiority of fancy feathered fowls as layers, the eight prize winning pens being seven white and one buff. They were as follows:

First, White Leghorns, Mr. Cheatle, Temworth, 245 eggs, second, White La Bresse, Mr. Wood, Pebmarsh, 246 eggs, third, White Wyandottes, Mr. Watson, Cambridge, 226 eggs, fourth, White Wyandottes, Mr. Watson, Cambridge, 266 eggs, fourth, White Wyandottes, Mr. Starm, 180 eggs, seventh, Buff. Orpingtons, Mr. Wimble, Kent, 175 eggs, eighth, White Wyandottes, Mr. Stevens, Essex, 154 eggs. The birds were supplied with nine pounds of food in the morning, consisting of meat, bran, meal and vegetables scalded over night; grain at midday and oats being the stable diet at night. All the birds were fed exactly alike while in the laying houses, and when any change of treatment was necessary they were at once removed. No spices, condiments or patent foods were used. Only one pen of Minorcas was lentered, and the Wyandottes were found to require the most care and attention.

# One Remarkable Result of the Thirteen Superstition

pray proceed.

Correct and dignified in their tightly

"This is not the reception we expected."
said the second of the gentlemen. "It is
contrary to all the rules of such affairs of
honor. Since you force us to explain,
M. Hardouin has charged us to represent
him and to demand."

\*Do you mean that you have the impudence to come here and tell me that a M. Hardouin, whom I never before heard of,

has challenged me to a duel? Tell me, where does this M. Hardouin live?" Furnished with the address, the novelist

was off like a shot, leaving the two correct and dignified gentlemen victims to the

greatest astonishment.
It was not without difficulty that Deslandes succeeded in gaining access to M. Hardouin, and when he finally entered he

"Not at all! I am M. Deslandes."

"You? Impossible!"
"What! Do I not know who I am?"

Just then M. Hardouin's sister-in-law, a charmingly pretty girl of 18, entered the

"Why, M. Deslandes," she cried, both hands outstretched, "how glad I am to meet you again! There, I told you, Alfred," she continued, turning to the astonished M. Hardouin, "that it could not have been the real M. Deslandes whom you met yesterday. Pray leave us alone and I am sure that I can unravel this mystery much better than you. M. Deslandes and I are old friends."

Mile. Lucile waved her brother out of

are old friends."
Mile. Lucile waved her brother out of

A month later Pierre Deslandes received

the following letter from his old friend. Maxime Richard:

My DEAR Boy: I have a confession to make to you which I have put off from day to

"Why, M. Deslandes," she cried, both

Ah. you come, I suppose, from M. Des-

him and to demand ——"
Deslandes bounded to his feet.

Absorbed in the telegram which had just been handed to her, Mme. Marnier did not hear the click of the gate as it was opened and shut nor the approach of her guest. Maying Plahard, the suiter rest, Maxime Richard, the artist.

"Am I the first?" he called gayly. "Councillable of the called gayly. "Councillable of the called gayly. "Councillable of the called gayly." guest, Maxime Richard, the artist.

"Am I the first?" he called gayly. "Country etiquette, you know," he added as he drew nearer.

Mme. Marnier glanced up with a troubled frown.

"Dear me! I am so perplexed," she said.

"Country etiquette, you know," he added as he added as he drawn as the said or tail to the affair, ms servant entered, saying two gentlemen would like to speak with nim.

"Dear me! I am so perplexed," she said. "I scarcely know what to do. I have just received a telegram from the Cortots, saying that they cannot come out from the city for luncheon. It is half p.st 11 now, and the others will soon be here. What "buttoned coats, the two men entered the room and bowed. Then one said:
"You will have seen from our cards that we come from M. Hardouin." He paused, waiting for Deslandes to answer.
"Well," said the latter, after a moment, "pray proceed." city for luncheon. It is half p at 11 now. and the others will soon be here. What "But I fail to see the trouble," began the

artist. His hostess interrupted him: Why, if the Cortots don't come, it will

make us exactly thirteen at the table, and Mme. Second would never in the world consent to such an arrangement, nor would I, for that matter." Would you like me to go away?" asked

Maxime, with a smile at the perplexed Mme. Marnier.

"Not for worlds! But listen. You have plenty of friends about here. Do go and ask somebody, anybody, to come to luncheon with me. It's a queer thing to do, I know, but you can explain, the circumstances. Get Pierre Deslandes, the novelist. He lives near here." 'Anything to oblige you, madame," said

Richard, with his best bow. "I will bring. a guest if I have to hale him with ropes! "Good boy, you have saved my life!" and the pretty Mme. Marnier waved him farewell with her brightest smile.

Half an hour later Maxime Richard was wheeling rapidly along the road, returning from the home of his friend Deslandes, where he had found the house tightly

question is dark haired, while your hair is light; he wore a mustache and you have a beard, and, if you will pardon me, you have the air of a gentleman, while he was a wretched scamp!"

"Well, if I am not Pierre Deslandes, who am I?" groaned the novelist, feeling that the days of witchcraft were not yet at an end. What the dickens will madame say when I come back alone?" he thought Absorbed in the problem of his super-

stitious hostess he failed to see a pedestrian directly in front of him and before he sould stop himself they were both rolling "What in thunder do you mean by running down an innocent traveller," demanded

the stranger, wrathfully. "A thousand pardons, monsieur," said the artist, contritely. "It was entirely my fault." Then, a sudden thought striking him, he continued rapidly: "May I ask you to do me a great favor, sir? I beg and entreat that you will consider it.

"You see," she explained. "M. Hardouin him, he continued rapidly: "May I ask you

treat that you will consider it. treat that you will consider it.

"There is a lady in this neighborhood who will look upon it as an honor if you will take lunch with her to-day. The circumstances are most pressing. Other guests failing, there remain only thirteen. guests failing, there remain only thirteen. "Thirteen! Do you understand? Will but take pity upon her and be the fourteenth lest?"

"Thirteen! Do you understand? Will be able to find it out, but do not let us talk but take pity upon her and be the fourteenth lest?"

"Thirteen! Do you understand? Will be able to find it out, but do not let us talk but it now. I want to hear about your books, which I have read with the greatest you take pity upon her and be the fourteenth

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the man, surprised at the proposition. "Say yes, I beg you, sir. I haven't the ghost of an idea who you are, but I'm sure you must be presentable. You consent,

ou not?"
would certainly be a most amusing adventure and I'm as hungry as a dog, not to mention that I've lost my way. Well, yes, I'll do it!"
"Good! And listen: Here's another idea! You shall be my friend whom no one here knows and whom I promised to bring back with me."

As they talked, the two men approached the entrance to Mme. Marnier's summer villa. A moment later, in the presence of his hostess and her assembled guests, the

artist said seriously:
"Allow me to present my friend, M. Pierre "Allow me to present my friend, M. Pierre Deslandes, the well known author." No one doubted the novelist's identity, and, the butler having announced luncheon, the guests went out to the table.

The next morning, seated at his desk,

The first two letters, begging for autographs, be tossed carelessly aside, but the third he read and reread with a deepening wonder. It was from a lady thanking him for the honor be had done her the day previous in accepting her impromptu invitation to lunch, and expressing her regret for the painful scene which followed and which she hoped had not led to any disagreeable consequences.

Pierre Deslandes laid down the letter in amazed astonishment. He had not accepted any invitation the day previous.

"Bab. it is some crazy joke," he thought to himself.

But his surprise redoubled at the sight of

But his surprise redoubled at the sight of the next letter, which was signed by an utterly unknown gentleman, who wrote to vow undying gratitude for the novelist's kindness in recommending the writer to the famous publisher, Lacroix.

The fifth letter was from a lady reminding.

The fifth letter was from a lady reminding. he famous publisher, Lacroix.

The fifth letter was from a lady reminding the slightest intention of doing so!

# Has Sheltered Well Known Americans.

ing on Garrison Hill. Many people in the old town remember her well.

Fort Gibson, the oldest town in Indian Territory, is rich in historic lore, much of which has been written, but most of which peace reigns once more in the Boomerang | Louisiana Purchase, there was established a military post in 1819. Many notable and distingished men have lived there, some now resting in the United States National ried Jeff Davis.

OLD CHURCH AT FORT GIBSON. | Cemetery, about a mile from the old fort, where 2,450 soldiers are buried and where may be seen the names of a number of celebrated soldiers, scouts and warriors who

The artist had not long to wait for his eply. When the return letter came, it

reply. When

brated soldiers, scouls and warriors who figured years ago in border and Indian warfare.

Among the number is the noted Seminole chief Billy Bowlegs, who fought with Osceola at the battle of Wahoo Swamp, where Gen. Dade was killed and the American troops were routed. After the treacherous capture of Osceola Bowlegs joined the American army and was assigned the rank of Captain, a fact recorded on the tombstone at the head of his grave.

Stanley, the African explorer, at one time taught a subscription school at the fort, occupying the old frame building, still standing near the old public square.

Washington Irving, the noted American writer, visited Fort Gibson and wrote his Tales of a Traveller in a tent just outside the old parade ground on Garrison Hill.

In 1846 the poet Longfellow, on a tour of observation in the West, visited Fort Gibson by the way of the Arkansas and Grand rivers. Next year appeared the most loved of all his poems. Evangeline, where scenery in the vicinity of Fort Gibson is graphically and heautifully described.

The "oldest church in Indian Territory" is of hewn logs which have been covered with boards. Before its spacious fireplace, still in Use, many notables have warmed themselves Gens. Scott. Taylor, Jeff Davis, Robert E. Lee, McClellan and others. Gen. Taylor lived in the old house with his family, including his daughter, Miss Betty, who married Jeff Davis.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE. Slow Train Story From Kansas.

From the Topeka Capital While a train was coming from Lenora to Downs one night recently, the headlight

went out and the engineer soon lost his bear, He stopped the train, went to a farmhou and asked where he was at. The farmer in

### Young Preacher's Invitation.

ecting slips in English wherever he finds

One of Dr. Tupper's favorites in this line is an inscription, written in a book by Queen Mary, consort of William, which runs as fol-

Another example is an advertisement from

speak Spanish fluently,"
Dr. Tupper does not hesitate to take examples from his own profession, however, as witness his story of the young clergyman who, after preaching a funeral sermon, wished to invite the mourners to view the remains, but became confused and exclaimed;

### To Legislate Fleas Out of Church.

are built on pillars with a space left between the floor and the earth, and in these sub-sanctuaries the hogs and goats of the neigh-borhood have been accustomed to foregather, bringing with them, after the custom of hogs and goats, sundry and divers fleas "I doubt it, sir. To my regret, I am positive that you are not the man whose name you have borrowed. The man in question is dark haired, while your hair is As is well known, fleas have absolutely no local attachment and will forsake a hog for a Christian without the least compunction

> Consequently, religious exercises are rapidly losing their popularity in Pitt county, and the Legislature must take measures to prevent the county from turning heathen.

## Placing Auto Horn Squawks.

They were riding along Grand avenue in an old farm wagon drawn by a span of mules, bound for the city market. It was evident that they had not been in the city many times before, and the sights were almost as new to them as the street cars were to the mules. Both were a little "shy." The man at the reins had just spent several minutes coaxing the mules past one of those new red automobiles, when the chauffeur let out a couple of loud "squawks" from the horn.

and handing the lines to his wife.
"What's the matter?" she asked, timidly. "Why, that old gander has got out of the coop and started squawking down the street

From Collier's.
Simeon Ford tells of a little girl of his acbooks, which I have read with the greatest admiration.

Entranced by her beauty, Deslandes talked eagerly, feeling that he had at last found the ideal woman he had so often blindly described in his pages.

When he finally rose to go, he begged permission to come again, a request which Lucile, blushing prettily, granted him. had given her.

He at once observed that she was without her usual companion, the big wax doll he had given her. "Why, Marie," said he, "where's our nice doll?"

Whereupon the little one elevated her pose

No Official Recognition. From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer The Prosecuting Attorney's office is

make to you which I have put off from day to day.

Not long ago, I went to your villa to ask you, on the part of a Mine. Marnier, an excellent, though superstitious lady, to take lunch with her as, her guests Iailing, there were thirteen left to sit at the table. Not finding you, I was obliged to piek up the first man I met, whom, in a spirit of evil jest, I ntroduced under your name!

But what a terrible double I gave you! I bow myself in the dust at your feet. For a while, all went well, but, alas! after a too copious imbibing of Mine Marnier's good wines, you-pardon me, the false Deslandes became jovial and you can guess the rest very busy place, but it is not nearly such a hive of industry as it would be if all the gries ances brought to Mr. Mackintosh were allowed to ripen into law suits.

afternoon, "It is? Well, I wanted to se

What's the matter with it too large. My, I should look like a fright

Why, yes. The man wouldn't take it fidence touched Mr. Mackintosh, and drew. forth this well considered advice
"Well, you see, we haven't any dressmaler here. Better see a dressmaker.

said simply:
You have given me the happiness of my life!
I have not fought with M. Hardouin, nor does
Mme. Hardouin consider that I have insulted
her since, in two weeks, she is to give me her
own sister as my wife. I forgive you because
you have repented. But you owe me this in
reparation, come and be best man at my
wedding.
"Whew!" whistled the artist as he put the
letter in his pocket. "There's a marriage From the Youth's Companies

An Easterner on his way to Unliferner was delayed by the floods in Kansas and was obliged to spend the night in a hun the best in the town. The bill of fare at din ner time was not very elaborate eller noticed with joy that at the bottom of the card, printed with pen and ink, was a startling variety of pies.

I'm afraid we ain't got any rhubarb pie,"

He took another glance at the list.

Lemon pie?"

"No."

"Chocolate pie?"

"I'm sorry, we well, what on earth are they all written down here for? On to-day's bill of fare, too!"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the girl, apolegetically. "That list is always written down there for show when we have mince pie no one ass for anything else."

DBIN Law

# A Family Pozzle.

From the Moberly Democrat A teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "recuperate" to one of the pupils.

"Now, Willie," said she, "if your father worked hard all day he would be tired and worn out, wouldn't he?"

"Yes'm."
"Then when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"
"That's what ma wants to know."

HOW TO PACK PASSENGERS CLOSER IN THE STREET CARS: PROVIDE CONDUCTORS WITH AUTOMOBILE



formed the engineer that he and his train were three and a half miles off the right of

From the Philadelphia Press
The Rev. Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper of the
First Baptist Church has a weakness for col-

"Given to William and I on our coronation

a Western paper, reading: "Wanted, a herder for 500 sheep that can

"We will now pass around the bier

## From Law Notes.

The North Carolina Legislature is at present considering a bill to prohibit the attendance of fleas in the churches of Pitt county.

It seems that in that county the churches

## From the Kansas City Journal

Whoa!" said the man, pulling in the team

No Further Use for Wax Doll.

quaintance who constantly carried about with her a big wax doll that the hotel man

to which the little girl belongs another youngster. During the afternoon following this interesting event Mr. Ford chanced to encounter his little friend on the street.

to an unwonted angle. Said she "I don't have any use for wax dolls now. We've got a real meat baby at our house, and that takes up all my time."

"What kind of a garment?

# Explaining the Menu.

He liked pies, and there were custard, lemon, squash, rhubarb, Washington, chocolate, mince, apple and berry pies and several other varieties. He called the waitress to him. "Please get me some rhubart pie,

she drawled. Ret me some squash pic, picase.

We haven't got that either.

"Berry pie?"

No."